

The Old
Limestone
City

LP 100-100-100

These poor but inoffensive things
Are Margaret and Alice King's



CITY BUILDINGS.

"Oh, Father, What's that building there,
Where lights shine out so late?"
"That's where the City Fathers, child,
Discuss affairs of state.

Such weighty matters they decide
As garbage and taxation,
And whether we in cars shall ride,
And who'll have vaccination."

"It seems to me, if I'd my choice
I'd do a little paving."

"Tis well, my son, you have no voice,
The Council is more saving.

I greatly fear we'll have to go
Without such new inventions,
Unless, like some place else we know,
We pave with good intentions."



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, whither away?

Does duty call you this bright spring day?"

"Nay, I visit a maiden fair instead,

And hang the duty!" the soldier said.

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, will she say 'yes'?"

(I think it likely, I must confess,

For there's wondrous charm in a tunic red).

"Why, sure, she'll have me," the soldier said.

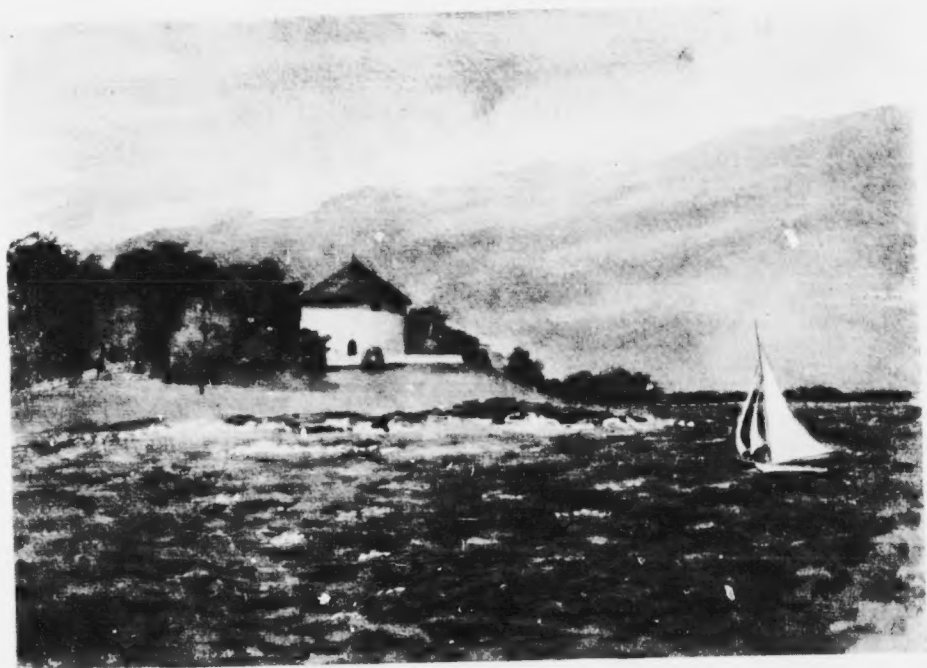


COURT HOUSE.

And, it's here that the lawyers so clever
Try to talk the poor judges to death.
There are some who could argue for ever
Without even stopping for breath.

And the Court goes on sitting and sitting,
Till you wonder they don't all fall out,
While they settle the punishment fitting
For sins you'd forgotten about.

Oh, it's fine for the Court in its session
To put other men under lock,
And law is a noble profession —
When it isn't yourself in the dock.



MACDONALD PARK FROM THE LAKE.

Oh, who could miss a day like this ?
Or who could stay behind ?
When we're up and away for a glorious play
With the sun and the waves and the wind.

The sun laughs down on the cheeks so brown,
That he burns to a deeper hue,
And the wind's caress seems to soothe and bless
With a touch that is ever true.

The prow dips low as the gay gusts blow
And the waves that hurry along
A lullaby croon to a soft little tune
As they touch with a kiss and are gone.

Then we'll steer and tack and never come back
Till the sea is running dry,
For we're sailing away in an endless day
'Neath the blue of the summer sky.



OLD ARTS BUILDING, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

A youth he came to Queen's one day,
When the year was in the Fall.
He was green as the fields where the lambkins play
And he thought that he knew it all.

"I've done rather well" he said with a smile,
(It was nearly Christmas time)
And he thought he would rest on his oars awhile,
And he voted the dances prime

So the days went on till exam time came
When the year was in the Spring,
And on none of the lists was found his name,—
A most surprising thing!

It was all a mistake, he declared in a rage,
And he'd never survive the blow.
But he did, and he now has reached the stage
Where he knows that he doesn't know.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD STATUE, ENTRANCE TO CITY PARK.

With memories of Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden."

Where the paths in the Park, cool and shady, extending
Far down past the fountain, the driveway meet,
High-raised, 'gainst a back-ground of greens, soft-blending,
A stateman's statue fronts the street.
The eyes of the tourist briefly linger
On the set, stern face of the man long gone
As the guide points up with careless finger,
"There's Sir John."

Not a hint of the smile that has been hovers
Round the mouth now shut in a line so grim,
And the eyes gaze far o'er the whispering lovers
Who stroll at his feet with no thought for him.
The tourist goes on to his next inspection,
The lovers pass from sight at last,
But the statesman is left to his long reflection
On the Past.